

*of Henrie the fourth.*

*Falst.* You rogue, heeres lime in this sacke too: there is nothing but rogerie to be found in villanous man, yet a cowarde is worthe then a cup of sacke with lime in it. A villanous cowarde, Go thy waies old lacke, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring: there liues not three good men vnhangde in England, and one of them is fat, and growes old, God helpe the while, a bad world I say, I would I were a weauer. I could sing psalmes, or any thing. A plague of all cowards I say still.

*Prin.* How now Wolfacke, what mutter you?

*Falst.* A kings sonne, if I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and driue all thy subiects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you prince of Wales.

*Prin.* Why you horeson round-man, whats the matter?

*Falst.* Are not you a cowarde? aunswere mee to that, and Poinces there.

*Poin.* Zoundes ye fat paunch, and ye call me cowarde by the Lord ile stab thee.

*Falst.* I call thee cowarde, ile see thee damnde ere I call thee coward, but I woulde giue a thousand pound I coulde runne as fast as thou canst. You are streight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: call you that backing of your friends, a plague vpon such backing, giue me them that will face me, giue me a cup of sacke. I am a rogue if I drunke to day.

*Prin.* O villain, thy lips are scarce wipt since thou drunkst last.

*Falst.* All is one for that. *He drinketh.*

A plague of all cowards still say I.

*Prin.* Whats the matter?

*Falst.* Whats the matter, there be foure of vs here haue tane a thousand pound this day morning

*Prin.* Where is it Iacke, where is it?

*Fal.* Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vppon poore foure of vs.

*Prin.* What, a hundred, man?

*Falst.* I am a rogue if I were not at halfe sword with a douzen of them two houres together. I haue scapt by myracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, foure through the hose, my

*The Historie.*

my buckler cut through and through, hand saw, *ecce signum*. I neuer dealt be would not do. A plague of all cowards speake more or lesse then truth, they are of darknesse.

*Gad* Speake firs, how was it?

*Ross.* We foure set vpon some douze

*Falst.* Sixteene at least my Lord.

*Ross.* And bound them.

*Peto* No, no, they were not bound.

*Falst.* You rogue they were bound. I am a Iew else: an Ebrew Iew.

*Ross.* As we were sharing, some fi vpon vs.

*Falst.* And vnbound the rest, and the

*Prin.* What, fought you with them?

*Falst.* Al, I know not what you call: fiftie of them I am a bunch of radish: three and fiftie vpon poore olde Iacke Creature.

*Prin.* Pray God you haue not mure

*Falst.* Nay, thats past praying for, I haue Two I am sure I haue paid, two rogues thee what Hall, if I tell thee a lie, spit it thou knowest my olde warde: here I poynt, foure rogues in Buckrom let dri

*Prin.* What foure? thou saidst but t

*Falst.* Foure Hal, I told thee foure.

*Poin.* I, I, he said foure.

*Fal.* These foure came all a front, I made me no more adoe, but tooke a target, thus.

*Prin.* Seuen, why there were but fo

*Falst.* In Buckrom.

*Po.* I foure in Buckrom suites.

*Falst.* Seuen by these hilts, or I am a

*Pr.* Preethe let him alone, we shal

*Falst.* Doeft thou heare me Hal?